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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Beethoven's Music for the Opening of the National Theatre in Pesth.

There is a promise expressed or implied in some notes printed in this Journal upon the "Ruins of Athens," some two or three years ago, to return at some future time to the topic. If it be true that we are no longer to look to the energetic Carl Zerrahn for our feasts of grand Orchestral music, what better plan can be devised to supply the want next winter, than that often urged in our columns; viz., the combined strength of the Handel and Haydn Society, the Harvard Musical and the Music Hall Associations, to arrange and carry through a series of concerts combining vocal (choral) and orchestral music? For such a series of concerts the two works of which we are to speak are exceedingly well adapted, both from the character of the music and its great variety, and from the fact that neither would occupy too large a portion of an evening.

In 1811 the building of the New Theatre at Pesth, in Hungary, was so far advanced that no doubt existed as to its being ready for opening upon occasion of the public celebration of the birthday of the Emperor Francis in the February following. It was determined by the proper authorities to spare no efforts nor expense to make the occasion one of great magnificence, both in the celebration of the day and the opening of the Theatre. Accordingly in May, 1811, they applied to Kotzebue, then in the height of his reputation, to prepare a "Trilogie" or triple drama, upon subjects taken from the history of Hungary, adapted to the occasion. The first was to be a "Vorspiel," or prologue, in one act, with overture and choruses; the second a regular drama; the third an after-piece, also with instrumental and vocal music. For the music they applied to Beethoven, whose Overture to Collin's *Coriolan*, and dramatic music to *Egmont* were then fresh proofs of his vast powers in this department of his art. Both poet and composer accepted the commission without hesitation. Kotzebue was soon at the end of his task, and the plays were placed in the hands of Beethoven.

The title of the Prologue, is, "*Ungarns erster Wohltäter*" (Hungary's first benefactor) as found in Kotzebue's works; but the full title upon Beethoven's score of the music is: "*König Stephan, Ungarns erster Wohltäter; Prolog in einem Aufzuge von Kotzebue, Musik von Ludwig van Beethoven, geschrieben zur Eröffnung des neuen Theaters in Pesth, am 9ten Februar, 1812.*" (King Stephen, Hungary's first Benefactor, a Prologue in one Act by Kotzebue, music by Ludwig van Beethoven, written for the opening of the new Theatre in Pesth, Feb. 9, 1812.) This Stephen — known in Austrian and Hungarian history as Saint Stephen — was born in 977 at Gran. His father having been baptized in 973, Stephen was educated in the Romish religion, after ascending the throne in 997, carried on the work of christianizing his people, and introduced a form of

government, founded upon the forms of other European nations. Having married the sister of Henry II., then Emperor, that potentate was induced to recognize his brother-in-law as King of Hungary, the previous title having been that of "Herzog" or Duke. Afterwards, at the instance of Otto III., Pope Sylvester II. acknowledged and confirmed his new dignity and sent him a crown, which was placed upon his head with all due solemnity, at Gran, in 1001. It is this point in the history of Stephen, which is made the subject of the prologue.

Let us fancy ourselves in the theatre at Pesth on that evening, when it was first performed. It has been a general holiday, and the edifice is crowded to its utmost capacity with an audience in no disposition to listen to the deeper inspirations of a great master, whether poet or composer. Beethoven has understood this, and has therefore composed a light, stirring overture adapted to the occasion and to the slight drama — if it be worthy the name — which is to begin the performances of the evening.

The curtain rises. The scene is an open field near Pesth, upon which a lofty throne constructed of shields is seen, bearing Stephen with uncovered head. Another and smaller throne, adorned with green twigs and flowers, is near. A band of Hungarian nobles surrounds the prince. A thick mist forms the background of the scene. The prologue begins with a bass solo and chorus of men's voices, sung by the band of nobles:

No. 1, in C, 4-4, Andante maestoso e con moto.

Ruhend von seinen Thaten
Hat uns der Fürst herufen,
An des Thrones Stufen
Heil der Völker zu berathen;
Und im dichten Kreise
Sammelte uns der Held
Nach der Väter Weise
Auf diesem freien Feld.

[Resting from his deeds,
The Prince hath called us,
Around the steps of the throne
To consult for the weal of the people;
And in close circle
Hath the hero gathered us,
After the manner of the fathers,
Here on this free field.]

At the conclusion of the chorus Stephen rises and in twenty-eight lines of rhymed verse speaks of the conversion of his nation from idolatry to Christianity, through the efforts and influence of his father; during which speech the thick clouds in the background gradually disappear, leaving but a thin mist, through which the city of Pesth is darkly visible. The chorus pursues the thought:

No. 2, (for men's voices), C minor, then major, 4-4, Allegro con brio.

Auf dunkeln Irrweg in finstern Hainen
Wandelten wir am trüben Quell,
Da sahen wir plötzlich ein Licht erscheinen —
Es dämmerte — es wurde hell!
Und Sieh', es schwanden die falschen Götter,
Dem Tage wich die alte nacht;
Heil deinem Vater! unserm Retter!

Der uns Glauben und Hoffnung bracht.

[Through devious ways in darksome forests
We wandered by a troubled spring;
Then suddenly we saw a light appearing —
The morning dawned — the day grew bright!
And lo! the false Gods all had vanished,
And ancient Night gave place to Day;
Hail to thy father! our deliverer!
Who brought us this new faith and hope.]

Enter here a warrior announcing the defeat of the wild horde of the Moglut and the capture of their prince Gyula. A grand march in G from the orchestra to which Hungarian warriors come upon the stage conducting their heathen captives in fetters, with Gyula at the head, to the throne, at whose foot the trophies are deposited. Of course every spectator understands what now follows; viz., a dialogue in excellent stage, we do not say dramatic, poetry, between Stephen and the captive, in which the former conquers the latter by his kindness, &c. &c., descends from his throne, strikes off the fetters and gives him freedom. Of (stage) course, Gyula falls at the great man's feet, with "I am thine forever." Here now is an opportunity for some one to pay Stephen an astounding compliment; the Bavarian ambassador, who has followed the war-party upon the stage, embraces it, and gives him one which, in London English, might be called "a stunner." Whereupon Stephen asks whether "the pious Gisela, whom my wise father's love selected for me," &c. — in short, asks if she will have him? and is informed that she is close at hand, approaching, surrounded by noble women "whose song mingles with the breath of the flute," which is a hint to Beethoven. So as soon as Stephen has had the last word, two horns and two clarinets sound softly a long drawn note, string instruments fall in, *pizzicato*, and in the third bar, a flute solo begins. Dancing children spring upon the stage, and at the 11th bar, 2-4, Gisela, veiled, and her attendants appear, singing.

No. 4, Female chorus, A major, 2-4, Andante con moto alla lugarese.

Wo die Unschuld Blumen stroute,
Wo sich Liebe den Tempel erbaut,
Da bringen wir im treuen Eeleite
Dem frommen Helden die fromme Brout.

[Where Innocence fresh flowers hath strewn,
Where Love hath built itself a temple,
There do we faithfully conduct
The pious bride to the pious hero.]

Stephen prevents Gisela from kneeling, unveils her, and finds her "all his fancy painted her," whether the spectators do or not. We are at the play, not in it. Have we not seen a stage hero, a man between sixty and seventy, who had a soap factory on Staten Island, desperately in love with a Daughter of the Regiment, who made up for her lack of youth by her abundance of flesh — say two cwt.? They were in the play.

Stephen's speech of four long lines, and Gisela's reply of equal length, are accompanied by harmony, No. 5, in the orchestra, at the close of which he conducts her to the other throne amid the rejoicings of a full chorus.

No. 6, in F, 6-8, Vivace.

Eine neue strahlende Sonne
Lieblich aus dem Gewölke bricht;
Süsse Freude! selige Wonne!
Wenn die Myrte den Lorbeer umflieht.

[Now a new and radiant sun
Breaks all lovely from the clouds;
Sweet delight! heavenly rapture!
When the myrtle clasps the laurel!]

Introduced by flourishes of the wind instruments, here follows a speech from Stephen, of which the elevation of the Hungarians from being a tribe of nomads to the condition of a Christian European state is the topic. One thing is still wanting; namely, a written code of law, and this he now hands to the nobles, with a few appropriate words, to the sound of harmony (*maestoso*) from the orchestra, the thin veil of mist gradually disappearing and leaving Pesth in full view at the back of the stage.

Nineteen bars of solid harmony, *pianissimo*, from the string band, to which, near the close, a long drawn note from a single horn is added, following which a band of priests from Rome enter, bringing a crown and the Pope's greetings to Stephen as king.

Chorus, Allegro con brio.

Hail, hail to the King!

Stephen places the crown upon his head and is immediately seized with a spirit of prophecy. Entranced, he sketches in few words the future, to the sound of music in the orchestra. Where the name of Matthias Hunyades comes up in order in the melodrama, the dawn appears reddening the horizon, by which it would seem that the action of the piece takes place in the night—or very early in the morning. At the point where the sun rises and floods the stage with light, the king has just reached the name of Maria Theresa.

At this name nobles, Romans, warriors, the women of Queen Gisela, all who crowd the stage are transported with enthusiasm, and break in upon Stephen's speech in the Final Chorus in D.

4-4, Presto.

Hail emsen Enkeln! sie werden Schauen
Was der prophetische Geist erkannt!
Es wird ihr kindisches Vertrauen
Der Krone schönster Diamant!
Wohlthaten spendend, täglich neue,
Vergilt der König in ferner Zeit
Die unwandelbare Treue,
Die sein Volk ihm dankbar weilt.

[Hail to our children! they shall see
What the prophetic mind foretold!
Their childlike trust shall be
The fairest diamond of the crown!
New benefits each day bestowing,
The King rewards in distant times
The unchangeable fidelity
His grateful people cherish toward him.]

As this majestic chorus, worthy of the great master, closes, the curtain falls.

In 1241, during the reign of Bela IV., the Mongols invaded Hungary, drove the king into exile, and for a year and a half plundered and devastated the country. This event in Hungarian history was selected by Kotzebue as the subject of the drama for this evening, which was completed and sent to Pesth; but, "aus besondern Rücksichten" (for special considerations), say the newspapers of the day, it could not be given. It will not be very difficult for us to guess what these 'considerations' were, when we remember

that Napoleon in 1804 and again in 1809 had driven the Austrian emperor away from his capital, and that his wife, the Empress of the French was the daughter of Francis. Hence "*Bela's Flucht*" (Flight) was laid aside and a piece in one act, the "Elevation of Pesth to the rank of a royal free city," substituted. The time of this drama was the year 1244, and gave the audience an exceedingly interesting picture of their city, as it rose from its ashes, after the invasion of the Mongols. Whether this piece was from Kotzebue's play-factory, we are not informed—we think not—but his idea of making King Stephen a prophet was parodied by putting a sketch of the future history of Pesth into the mouth of the actor, who played the part of Burgomaster in it.

Now comes the afterpiece. We need not describe it here after the analysis by Mr. Macfarren, which will be found copied into our Journal. [Where?]

The performances, which we in fancy have been hearing, Feb. 9, 1812, were repeated to full houses on the evenings of the 10th and 11th. From that time the music to "King Stephen," except the Overture and Grand March, seems to have rested until about 1841, when it was again given complete in Vienna, with an illustrative poem. With the "Ruins of Athens" it was otherwise. The principal numbers have been always before the public, as favorite concert pieces, and the entire music with an illustrative poem has gone the rounds of the concert rooms of the principal German cities. More than this the piece was revived for the stage during Beethoven's life. The occasion was the opening of the new theatre, in the Joseph-stadt, a suburb of Vienna; the time Oct. 3, 1822; Hensler, the manager, knew Beethoven well and easily gained his consent to give his music to the "Ruins of Athens" for the purpose, and to make such alterations and additions as would be rendered necessary, by a new text appropriate to the occasion and place. The author of this text was Carl Meisl, a popular Vienna writer of the day. We have never been able to obtain a copy of it nor any distinct account of the changes made in the music, save two numbers, of which we shall speak presently.

One Vienna contemporary newspaper says after the performance: "Our unrivalled master was willing, from friendship to Hensler and from his interest in the occasion, to recompose nearly all the music," (which we think was by no means the fact) "and so a masterpiece was produced, which, it is true, was not by all duly appreciated."

Meisl's text bore the title "*Die Weihe des Hauses*," and, according to the best of our present information, was adapted to the music as it already existed—was in fact, except at the close but an adaptation of the old text to the new occasion. What we know as being newly composed by Beethoven is, the magnificent overture, published as opus 124, and a closing chorus with dances, and solos for voice and violin. A part of this text is as follows:

Chorus.

Wo sich die pulse jugendlich jagen
Schwebet im Tausche das Lehen dahin,
Air, Soprano.
Lasst uns in Tanze das fliehende Leben
Neckend erhaschen dem Winke entschweben
Ist es im Herzen arglos und jung

Ist selbst das Sterben zur Ruhe ein Sprung.
Chorus.

Ist es im Herzen, &c.

Solo.

Paartsich im Tanze die Anmuth im Blicke
In den Gebährden die Grazien mild
Wird es ein Bild des verschönerten Lebens, &c.

[Where the youthful pulse is bounding,
Life in dances floats away, &c. &c.]

The solemn march and chorus, No. 7, in the printed score, as may be seen in Breitkopf and Härtel's "*Thematisches Verzeichniss*" of Beethoven's works, was originally printed separately as from "*Die Weihe des Hauses*;" it belongs however, to the original music, as may be seen by comparing its text with the "Ruins of Athens" as printed in Kotzebue's works.

The two overtures, "King Stephen" and "Die Ruinen," have been great stumbling-blocks to the critics. When Beethoven sent them to the London Philharmonic Society, they were not thought worthy of performance, and Ries says expressly he considers the latter unworthy of the composer. When the former was first played at Leipzig, people could hardly trust their ears, could hardly believe it to be the work of the author of the symphonies, of the overtures to *Coriolan*, *Egmont*, and *Leonore*, (*Fidelio*). It is clear, however, from passages in the composer's letters, that he by no means despised these children of his brain. He felt them to be the right thing for the occasion upon which he had written them. We are reminded of Goldsmith's sarcasm on Dr. Johnson; "If you were to write a fish story, you would make your little fishes talk like great whales." Beethoven had the wisdom to avoid this. We admit, however, our surprise that he should have sent his "little fishes" to the Philharmonic Society. This fact is more surprising than that people should have expected nothing but "great whales" from his pen.

Among the unprinted works of the great master still remain the magnificent Finale to the "*Weihe des Hauses*," and the entire music to "King Stephen," save the overture and march.

The "Ruins of Athens," we are informed, remains, to a great extent, upon the hands of the publisher. What hope, under these circumstances, is there, that he will be induced to give the world the unpublished manuscripts?

Loud is the outcry because many of Mendelssohn's manuscripts are withheld from publication; will the musical public render possible the publication of the far more important relics of Beethoven's genius, which still lie hidden in cabinets and boxes?

A. W. T.

How to Enjoy Classical Music.

(From MacMillan's Magazine, March, 1860.)

Not many years ago an orchestral symphony or a stringed quartet were luxuries hardly to be indulged in by those Londoners whose guineas were not tolerably numerous. Times are changed for the better; and not a week passes, even in the dull season of the year, that some good music is not to be heard at a cheap rate in London. A symphony or a concerto forms an attractive item in most programmes, and it has of late been found that the stringed quartet (a form of composition demanding the most delicate execution on the part of the players, and considerable refinement of taste on the part of the listeners) commands a sufficiently large audience to make a moderate price of admission remunerative.

In short, the demand for music, whether it be the cause or the effect of this enlarged supply, has of late years considerably increased. We can hardly go to a concert without meeting some enthusiast like ourselves, ready to gloat with us over a finished performance of a quartet, or to compare opinions as to

the reading adopted by some new pianist. By some freemasonry we easily detect such a brother fanatic, and are not ashamed, though he be a stranger, to open our heart to him on the subject of the music we are listening to, or even on musical matters in general.

But, notwithstanding this, there remains a multitude of educated persons who, by their want of appreciation of the best music, are shut out from the enjoyment we experience. * * *

Setting aside then the people who hate music and those who have a contempt for it, there remains another class, with whom we have much more in common; but who, on that very account, make us feel the more conscious of living in a world by ourselves. Have we not probably some intimate friend—a man possibly of the highest culture in all that regards the sister arts—very likely possessing an accurate ear for music, and altogether, as we think, more fitted to appreciate the beauty of a great musical work than ourselves; with whom there is but one topic which is tabooed, and that topic music; who on all other subjects has opinions which we can agree with or can combat, but who, on music—on our music—has no opinions at all? * * *

And yet this man perhaps likes music, has some pet opera or oratorio which he never misses hearing, for the sake of a special air or piece. * *

If we are very much bent upon his conversion, we select some attractive programme, and make him sit it out. We don't enjoy it much ourselves, for we are engaged all the time in watching his face, and wondering whether he is not finding each movement interminable. We always feel that the experiment has been a failure, although our patient, seeing that we are disappointed, tries to console us by expressing considerable pleasure at some points. He almost always ends, however, by acknowledging that such music always strikes him as "heavy," in consequence he alleges, of his want of the "science" necessary to appreciate it. We ask ourselves, how it is that whilst we can, to a limited extent, appreciate our friend's favorite paintings, or buildings, or poetry, and can find new beauties in them whilst hearing him expatiate thereupon, he should be so utterly incapable of partaking of our musical pleasures. *

Let us now examine the reasons which those persons with these notions of music usually give for their distaste for classical music. They allege, either that a difference of organization exists between them and the classicists, which prevents them from appreciating the devices of harmony used in classical compositions, or, as we have before observed, that what they term the "heaviness" of such music makes it intolerable to those who have not acquired a certain amount of science.

As to a difference of organization, we doubt whether it exists; for we discover that those we are speaking of have as strong a dislike as ourselves to a scale without a leading note, or to an improper resolution of a discord, and so far as we can judge from analyzing our own sensations, it is upon a few simple likes and dislikes of this kind that the power of appreciation of the greatest musical work mainly depends. We believe that every ordinary educated European, listening to any piece of music, recognizes the necessity of the key and mode, to which the sounds he hears are to be referred, being determined without much delay by certain unambiguous chords; and is sensible, when the ear is satiated with the sounds belonging to one key, of the pleasure and almost the necessity of being led by artistically conducted modulations into keys nearly related to the original key (*i.e.* into keys containing many notes in common with the original key). Further, the ear relishes occasional artifices whereby it is balked of the sounds which it desired, and is either introduced suddenly into some key entirely unexpected, or made to wait for some time before the expected sounds are duly heard.

Combinations producing effects such as these are contained in the accompaniment to the simplest ballad; and the very same devices, and no others, are used for the very same purposes, though a little more freely and a greater length, in the most elaborate instrumental composition. It seems therefore difficult to conceive such an organization as should render a man capable of perceiving the beauty of those combinations in the one case and incapable of appreciating the same things in the other case. If indeed the assertion be that a difference of organization prevents the recognition of the beauty of the melodies employed in classical music, it is hard to meet the objection directly. If a man declares that he finds a particular succession of sounds distasteful to his ear, no argument will have any effect in convincing him that such succession is pleasing. But in many cases we think that this assertion is made without the preparatory process of listening to the predominating

melodies having been gone through. We believe that in any page of an instrumental work by one of the great masters, it would be easy to select a melody, which, simply played on a violin, would be recognized even by the most uncultivated listener as a pretty tune. And the variety of forms of melody in such compositions is so great, that a sonata, a quartet, or a symphony can hardly be listened to with common attention without some airs being met with which suit the taste of any one, whether his taste incline to the pathetic, the solemn, the impassioned, or the joyous style of tune.

Next, what is meant by the "science" we so often hear of as necessary before pleasure can be derived from classical music? * * *

The fact seems to be, that the real science required, if science it can be called, chiefly consists in a knowledge beforehand of the kind of thing we are going to hear. This knowledge is acquired almost intuitively by the act of listening attentively to a certain amount of music of a high order, selecting at first compositions of a tolerably simple character, in which the design may be easily perceived; but it may be useful to give a slight sketch of the usual form of these compositions, and some idea of the mode in which the leading ideas are generally worked out. The music of which we are principally about to speak is that of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and chiefly of their instrumental works, because, as far as we have observed, this kind of composition is the most difficult for the untrained listener to appreciate, partly on account of the various tones of the different instruments confusing him at first, but principally because he has no comprehension of the fixed plan on which the greater part of them are written.

In its most complete form, an instrumental work, in the style of the above composers, consists of four distinct pieces, called "movements." The first and the most important of these, both in length and dignity of subjects, is invariably an allegro movement of considerable length, sometimes led into by a short and solemn introduction. Then usually follows the slow movement, which is also of some length, and which is relieved by a piece of a light, joyous character, termed the minuet or the scherzo. Although the minuet was originally a grave dance, it has been the habit of composers, while preserving the rhythm of the dance, to direct its performance at a quick pace, in order probably to contrast with the solemn movement which precedes it. Beethoven indeed abandoned at times the form of the minuet altogether, and called the light movement which replaced it a scherzo. But whether minuet or scherzo, the movement, like almost all dance tunes, includes a second part in a different key from the key of the first part, and which second part is called—for what reason it is not very easy to see—the trio. After the trio, the minuet is repeated. The concluding movement is generally very rapid, and, though usually extremely elaborate in its construction, is of a lighter character than the opening allegro. The form here described is that assumed by the majority of instrumental compositions; and, in particular, the symphony for full orchestra and the quartet for stringed instruments almost invariably contain the whole of these movements. In works in which the pianoforte takes part, one or more of these is often omitted, and the modern overture consists of a single allegro movement of the same character as the first movement of a symphony.

The plan of the more important of these instrumental movements, which since the days of Haydn has been universally adopted, may be shortly described as follows:—

The movement commences with a melody, say in the key of C, which is called the first subject. After this has been thoroughly impressed upon the ear, a modulation is effected into the scale of the dominant, a fifth higher, in this case G, in which key a second subject altogether different from the first is presented. This forms the first part of the movement. The first subject is then returned to in its original key, and the movement closes with the second subject in the same key (in this case C), and not in the key in which it first appeared. This is the merest skeleton of a modern movement, as in practice many episodes are often introduced. Still the principal modulation into the dominant scale always takes its proper place, and the reappearance of the second subject in the original key is always adhered to. (It should be mentioned, that if the first subject is in the minor mode, a greater latitude as to the key of the second subject is allowed.) But to impress the subjects on the ear, it is usual to repeat the whole of the first part of the movement, and at the beginning of the second part a train of elaborate modulations is almost invariably introduced before the first subject makes its reappearance in its original shape. A coda or finale is also sometimes made use of, in which the first subject is again resumed at the end.

This slight description will perhaps give some idea of the general structure of most instrumental movements. Some, particularly slow movements, and occasionally finales, are in the form of simple airs with a series of variations, and minuets and scherzi have a simple form of their own, which has been adverted to, and which has no analogy with that just described; but, generally speaking, if these leading features be borne in mind, there will be slight difficulty, after a little experience, in understanding the design of a symphony or quartet.

Another qualification which enhances the pleasure of listening to instrumental music is a power of recognizing the tones of different instruments. We have often found that persons who have not been in the habit of hearing orchestral music fail to detect the difference in character between the sound of instruments somewhat similar, as the clarinet and oboe, or the trumpet and horn. Of course this delicacy of ear is only to be acquired by listening attentively for a time to orchestral music, but it is very soon gained. The musical memory is soon improved, also; and when a subject reappears after some little time in a movement, we derive pleasure from the effect produced by its being given, say, to the oboe, when we recollect that on its first appearance it was played on the flute.

Armed with no more "science" than may be gathered from the above sketch, a man of ordinary musical intelligence is, we think, prepared to enjoy the higher kinds of instrumental music. Of course, if he does not pay close attention, he will find it "heavy," for, in this sense, good music is heavy. It requires to be listened to, and to be listened to with attention. To do otherwise is to say, "I want to have my years tickled with a pretty tune whilst I am thinking about something else,"—is as though one were to stand before a painting, and say, "I will please my eye with the contrast of color, but I will not exert my brain to discover the subject of the picture." In fact, as in the last case, the required satisfaction of this kind (which is, in its way, a perfectly legitimate satisfaction) would probably be found in a higher degree by gazing at a pretty pattern of regular form than by the sight of a picture properly so called; so the sharply defined and unchanging rhythm of a dance tune is better adapted to please the ear, while the brain is otherwise occupied, than one of Beethoven's sonatas. But we cannot for any length of time listen to the same polka, or gaze at the same geometrical pattern. The ear and the eye soon grow weary of these purely sensuous pleasures. *

We have spoken of the necessity of some training for the ear. Let us in conclusion recommend to those in whose power it is to help such in training, not to neglect to do so. Well-chosen and well-played extracts from the great composers would, we are sure, be as favorably received from amateur musicians of the higher class as the wretched fantasies which such musicians generally select when they have to perform before a mixed audience; and if our young ladies, who after all are the principal interpreters of our domestic music, would accustom their fathers and brothers to hearing a little bit of Beethoven or Haydn occasionally, the training of the ear in the forms of melody employed, and in the structure of the kind of works spoken of, would be accomplished without effort, and the listeners would soon be prepared to hear the same kind of things with delight when they happened to come across them at a concert. M.

Religious Music.

Extracts from two discourses by the Rev. Horace Bushnell and the Rev. Thomas M. Clark.

Our first extract is from Dr. Bushnell's discourse:

Let me also suggest, in this connection, the very great importance of the cultivation of religious music. Every family should be trained in it; every Sunday or common school should have it as one of its exercises. The Moravians have it as a kind of ordinance of grace for their children; not without reason, for the powers of feeling and imagination, and the sense of spiritual realities, are developed as much by a training of childhood in religious music, as by any other means. We complain that choirs and organs take the music to themselves, in our churches, and that nothing is left to the people, but to hear their undistinguishable piping, which no one else can join, or follow, or interpret. This must always be the complaint, till the congregations themselves have exercise enough in singing to make the performance theirs. As soon as they are able to throw in masses of sound that are not barbarous but Christian, and have a right enjoyment of their feeling in it, they will have the tunes and the style of the exercise in their own way, not before. Entering one day, the great church of Jesus in Rome,

when all the vast area of the pavement was covered with worshippers on their knees, chanting in full voice, led by the organ, their confession of penitence and praise to God, I was impressed, as never before, with the essential sublimity of this rite of worship, and I could not but wish that our people were trained to a similar exercise. The more sorrowful is it that in our present defect of culture, there are so many voices which are more incapable of the right distinctions of sound than things without life, and which, when they attempt to sing, contribute more to the feeling of woe than of praise.

The remaining extracts are from Dr. Clark's discourse:

Music, above every other art, seems to be capable of unlimited advance. We can conceive of perfect sculpture, but not of perfect music. Whatever art is purely imitative, must have a limit; but music is not imitative: it is, in its higher forms, the expression of a thought, and it is strangely, incomprehensively, powerfully suggestive of thought. Where there are no words used, it suggests words to the mind, or rather, the material out of which words are made; it enkindles emotions, which no language can stir. Why it is, we cannot tell; but we find it to be the fact that certain qualities and combinations of sound open the flood-gate of memory, revive what was long forgotten, excite the deepest thought, make the blood tingle, lift the soul out of the body, carry it above the clouds, and bring us close to the great throne of the Almighty.

And yet, some will ask, what is the use of music? They might as well ask, what is the use of color, or of any thing which makes the world a glory and a beauty? Why was not the landscape clothed in drab; and the evening cloud always of a leaden hue? Why are there any flowers in the fields, or birds in the air with crimson plumage? Why is the shell of the beetle so radiant with glory? Why is there so much of magnificence in nature, even where the eye of man never penetrates? Gorgeous grottoes hidden in the earth; fragrance and splendor in the solitary wilderness; things animate and inanimate in the bottom of the sea, exquisite in form and glistening in gold and vermillion? It should be a part of our religion to appreciate the beautiful, and that religion which separates itself from these symbols of God, is so far forth a defective and a false religion. Whatever tends to elevate man, to unsensualize him, to lift him out of the domain of mere appetite, to take him away from himself, and give him grand emotions, high aspirations, good thoughts; whatever makes him feel—what I fear very many do not feel—that he is a soul and not a body, created for something more than to make money and feed himself and become a man of note in society; whatever impresses him with the feeling that he is immortal, that he cannot die, that he has capacities which ten thousand worlds like this could never fill, powers which assimilate him with the angels, with the sons of God on high, with God himself; whatever does this belongs to religion, and cannot be despised, without casting contempt upon the Author of all things.

And this is done by music: it refines, elevates, spiritualizes, widens the range of vision, and binds this existence to the eternal. For music will outlast speech. Articulate language may be needed no longer after we have done with the body; but the essential elements of musical expression are eternal. Language is arbitrary and therefore temporary: music is the product of fixed laws, and therefore must be permanent. Even in our present state, we find that it can express more than words; and the fact that it is composed, before it is rendered, and that one skilled in music may read this composition with pleasure, without hearing an audible sound, shows that it is essentially independent of instruments and voices. I say then, here we have an argument for immortality; for here is a power, belonging to us, which is independent of the body; you can sing without the mouth and hear without the ear and have music in your soul, when there is no movement in the air; and the melody may therefore continue and grow more full and sweet and entrancing, after this earthly instrument has turned to dust!

It is still the fact, that, in many of our churches, nothing but sacred associations render the music endurable. As it regards both the poetry and the music, our popular psalmody is behind the secular standard of culture. There is still a melancholy amount of poor prose split off into verse, and labeled as sacred hymns. There would be as much propriety in undertaking to sing a mathematical demonstration or an extract from "Edwards on the Will," as there is in rendering into song some of our didactic and doctrinal hymns. We would not assert that every hymn should be strictly lyrical, but it would seem to be proper that it should express some sentiment or emotion.

As there is a style of poetical composition appropriate to worship, not only in respect of the subject, but also of the metre and rhythm, so there is of musical composition and performance. There is an ecclesiastical tone, which is altogether peculiar. It is hallowed by peculiar associations, and suggests peculiar thoughts, and has a peculiar sacredness. It has been used "in the ages all along," and has nerved the souls of confessors and martyrs in ancient days. It has a majesty and a dignity which can never be imparted to music snatched from martial airs, or operatic strains, or the secular songs of the day, which some would like to sanctify with sacred words.

The highest idea of church music is, with most people, that to which they have been accustomed. There is a certain set of tunes, with which they are familiar and these they would like to hear constantly repeated. It is indeed no real improvement, when the solid old tunes of ancient composers are all set aside, to make way for the lighter and more fanciful music of the day. But it can hardly be expected that our choirs should be content to travel the same round of familiar chants and tunes, month after month and year after year; and every individual should try to remember that there are other tastes to be consulted beside his own.

The art of sacred music is with us now in its infancy, and there are few people who have the slightest conception of the improvement which it might receive. The popular taste is, in a great measure, formed after vulgar models, and it can be rectified only by slow degrees. A higher style must, if it can be done in no other way, be forced upon the community, and they will gradually learn to appreciate it.

Our parishes must also be willing generously to contribute "material aid," if we would materially advance the art of sacred music; there must be a sufficient pecuniary inducement held out to persons of musical taste, to induce them to discipline and cultivate their powers. In former years, there has existed a strong prejudice against the practice of music as a profession, and one was looked upon as throwing away his life, if he devoted his time exclusively to this science. With just as much propriety, we might object to the profession of a sculptor, a painter, or to the practice of any ornamental trade. We often make an improper distinction between the elegant and the useful, as if the ornaments of life had not their use. Music is something more than an elegant accomplishment, it is no frivolous pursuit; it ought to have, and it rightly studied, it would have a purifying, elevating, ennobling influence upon character. It has a power, which is peculiarly its own; it can find its way where nothing else can penetrate; it can enkindle thoughts and feelings, which are impassive to every other touch; it will outlive all other arts; it is the most profound of sciences, and perhaps the only one which is essentially eternal.

Shakespeare's Birthday.

Sixty gentlemen, members of the Century Club of New York, sat down on Monday night at a dinner given in commemoration of the birthday of Shakespeare. The company included many distinguished for station, talent and culture, while the banquet itself and many of its accessories were at once novel and tasteful. The large ball-room of the Century, the state apartment of the Club house, was tastefully decorated with American and English flags, surrounding a transparency painted by Lang, and representing Shakespeare surrounded by those actors of his own time who first gave to the public and the world his words yet warm and glowing with the pulsations of their originator. The faces and figures have been carefully studied and were supposed to represent with accuracy this interesting subject. A bust of Shakespeare, crowned with laurel, looked down on the festival. The whole fête was conceived and conducted in the same spirit. The President of the Century, Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, is an eminent Shakespearean commentator himself. The Rev. Mr. Hudson and Richard Grant White, Esq., were, if we mistake not, the only guests of the evening, and they are well known, wherever Shakespeare is studied, as two of the ablest of his appreciators, the one more especially noted perhaps for his verbal criticisms and textual labors, the other for his elaborate and eloquent disquisitions upon the spirit and thought of the great dramatist.

The tables were decorated by flowers, the offering of ladies belonging to the families of club members, these flowers being exclusively those mentioned in Shakespeare's plays. The more ordinary table ornaments consisted of statuettes of Miranda, Perdita, Hamlet, &c. A boar's head, with a lemon in its mouth, and decked with the traditional rosemary, was placed in front of the President, and flagons of sack were passed around, from which each one, rising,

drank in his turn. The bill of fare which was offered, was evidently the result of much study and taste. It is unique in its way. The programme of toasts and speeches introduced Wm. M. Evans, Esq., the Rev. Mr. Hudson, who was extremely original and felicitous, both in thought and expression, and "often set the table in a roar" with his "flashes of merriment." Mr. Grant White made a few remarks, half earnest, half playful, and conceived in excellent taste, the burden of which was an entreaty to his listeners to read Shakespeare, and not his commentators; an entreaty to which, in its entirety, after last night, they are less inclined than ever to accede. James T. Brady was, as usual at a dinner, genial and eloquent, displaying his peculiar genius, as he always does on such occasions, more decidedly even than in a court-room. Mr. J. H. Siddons, the grandson of the Siddons, made some appropriate and interesting remarks on "the Players." Mr. Gourlie responded warmly, and as if his heart were in it, for the "Century," and Mr. Van Winkle was a substitute, and a not inefficient one, for Mr. O'Gorman, who, only, disappointed the company.

Besides these regular speeches, which were quite up to the level of after-dinner orations, the volunteer toasts called out the venerable President, who related some charming reminiscences of Kean and Siddons, and Talma and Cooke, and Cooper; Mr. Folsom, the President of the Athenaeum, who bewailed the decline of the Shakespearean drama; Judge Daly, who bewailed nothing, but complimented, pertinently, Mr. Sanderson, the originator of the festival, and the only man who, in this country, has raised gastronomy into anything like the dignity or position of an art. It is to this gentleman's labor and thought and taste that the eminent success of the occasion is chiefly to be attributed. When it is known that he prepared the bill of fare and the programme of toasts, those who were not lucky enough to be present may imagine the spirit in which the celebration was planned and performed. The music was absolutely delightful; Mr. Richard Willis, Mr. Simpson the exquisite tenor, Mr. Thomas, bass, and sometimes Mr. Lang "discoursed most eloquent," singing (the songs all appropriate) as those who have had the luck to listen to them may readily suppose. Artists and authors, men of taste and intellect, were present in abundance; good things were said on every side, as well as eaten; jokes were cracked as well as nuts; geniality flowed as free as the wine; yet with all there was a vein of earnestness that gave character and dignity to the occasion. It was not more brilliant than some other dinners have been, in the one particular of intellectual display, but in the elevated tone that characterized it throughout, in the well bred mirth and refined taste which were its distinguishing features, the Century Celebration of Shakespeare's Birthday was honorable to the Club where it was so worthily solemnized.

Festival commemorative of the birth of the immortal

"BARD OF AVON,"
held at the rooms of
The Century,
Monday, April 23d, 1860.

BILL OF FARE.

"Have a care that your bills be not stolen."

FIRST COURSE.

"Continue in courses till thou know'st what they are."
Oysters on the Half Shell.—The East River
"Sends
"Set a deep glass of Rhenish wine." The Sanderson Soup.
Gumbo Soup. "—expect spoon-meat." "Something too crab-bed."
"Thou lack'st a cup of Canary."
Kennebec Salmon, boiled, with lobster sauce.
"Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish."
North River Shad, broiled, sauce remouade.
"A very fresh-fish here."
Bermuda Potatoes boiled.
"Let the sky rain potatoes."
"From the still vex'd Bermoothes."

Fresh Cucumbers.
"For this, be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps."

SECOND COURSE.

"—great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."
Spring Lamb, roasted, with mint sauce.
"—innocent
As is the sucking lamb."
Roast Capons, stuffed with truffles.
"You cannot feed capons so."
Veal Sweetbread, larded, with tomato sauce.
"Veal," quoth the Dutchman, "is not veal a calf?"
Spring Chickens, broiled, with Steward's sauce.
"You would eat chickens i' the shell."
Livers of Geese, with Madeira sauce.
"This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess."
Wild Squabs, stewed, with vegetable sauce.
"—which he will put on us,
As pigeons feed their young."
Asparagus, with butter sauce.
"Who comes so fast in silence of the night?"
Green Peas, with sugar.
"I had rather have a handful or two of peas."

THE MAY QUEEN.

57

So I'll e - ven keep a - way From the
Lest re - pen - tance come too late, When no
Thro' the moon - shine steal a - way, To the

haw - thorn in the glade, So I'll e - ven keep a - way
friend is nigh to aid, Lest re - pen - tance come too late,
haw - thorn in the glade, Thro' the moon - shine steal a - way,

From the haw - thorn in the glade.
When no friend is nigh to aid.
To the haw - thorn in the glade.

No. 8.

ILL-FATED BOY—BEGONE!

RECIT. (SOPRANO, TENOR AND BASS) and CHORUS.

ROBIN HOOD.

VOICE.

And now the green-wood King shall claim Sweet

MODERATO.

THE MAY-QUEEN.

THE LOVER.

welcome from the greenwood Queen!

Not on my lips! bold man—

Not while I

CHORUS. *f*

For shame!

For shame!

For shame!

Cres.

*f**f*

Trem.

live to stand be-tween The wolf and lamb!—

Here's jest for jest,

here's jest for

THE MAY QUEEN.

59

ROBIN HOOD.

jest, As this stout blow shall well at - test!— And must I bear a

CHORUS.

Part them!

Part them!

Part them!

THE LOVER.

cres.

blow? **CHORUS.** Made yon dis - gui - sed trai - tor

A blow!—A - las! what hast thou done?

A blow!—A - las! what hast thou done?

A blow!—A - las! what hast thou done?

know He shall not feign, and fawn, and lie, And her true love stand tame - ly by!

THE MAY QUEEN.

ILL-FATED BOY, BEGONE!

CHORUS. ALLEGRO AGITATO.

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASSO.

ALLEGRO
AGITATO.

♩ = 120.

mf
Ill - fa - ted boy, be - gone! For hast thou

Ill - fa - ted boy, be - gone! For hast thou

Ill - fa - ted boy, be - gone! For hast thou

sf *sf*
mf *Pizz.*

Cres.
ne - ver heard, The hand that draw - eth sword A - gainst his bit - terest foe, E - ven on

ne - ver heard, The hand that draw - eth sword A - gainst his bit - terest foe, E - ven on

ne - ver heard, The hand that draw - eth sword A - gainst his bit - terest foe, E - ven on

f
mis - chief bent, Or strik - eth him a blow, Up - on the ro - yal land,

f
mis - chief bent, Or stri - keth him a blow, Or stri - keth him a blow, Up - on the

f
mis - chief bent, Or stri - keth him a blow, Or stri - keth him a blow, Up - on the

Sweet Corn, Indian style.

"The gods sent not corn for the rich men only."

Onions, stewed with gravy.

"An onion will do well for such a shift."

"Daylight and champagne discovers not more."

THIRD COURSE.

"What'er the course, the end is the renown."

English Snipe, broiled on toast.

"I should time expend with such a snipe."

Blue-winged Teal, roasted.

"Oh! dainty duck."

A Wild Boar's Head, garnished with spears.

"Like a full accorn'd boar, a German one."

Boston Lettuce, with mayonnaise sauce.

"We may pick a thousand salads,

"Ere we light on such another herb."

"Run nothing but claret wine."

FOURTH COURSE.

"the fruits are to ensue."

"And any pretty little tiny hickshaws."

Rum Pudding.

"bless'd pudding."

"The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns."

Quince Pies.

"They call for quinces in the pantry."

Tartelettes of Apples

"Carv'd like an apple tart."

Cream Kisses.

"Kissing-comfits and snow eringoes."

"The last of many doubled kisses."

Tutti-Frutti Ice Cream.

"Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes."

DESSERT.

"A last year's pippin, * * with a dish of Carraways."

"Four pounds of prunes, and as many raisins o' the sun."

"The fig of Spain, very good."

"There is a dish of leather-coats for you"

"Give * this * orange to your friend."

"And fetch the new auts."

"My cheese, my digestion."

"Go, fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in it."

"And good store of fertile Sherris."

"Some aqua-vitæ, ho!"

AUBER'S AND SCRIBE'S "GUSTAVUS III."—We fancy this anecdote, concerning Scribe's libretto of Auber's "Gustavus" will be as new to most of our readers as, we confess, it is to us.

It is said that when Rossini had just contracted with the French Government an engagement by which he was to give once a year a new opera to the Grand Opera, he began by arranging "Maometto" ("The Siege de Corinthe") and "Mose" for the French Opera to give him time to produce an original work. He wanted a "book" and this the French Government agreed to give him. Mons. Scribe was applied to. He set to work and was delighted with his labor when he wrote "The End" on the last page of the MSS. "book." A few days after he had given the "book" to Rossini, Mons. Scribe paid him a visit and expected the composer would highly compliment him upon the "book," for he felt he had never succeeded better. Rossini did congratulate him highly, and told him the drama was exceedingly interesting, but after exhausting all the formula of eulogy, Rossini declared he could not write the score. Mons. Scribe's feelings were hurt. He suspected Rossini (whose reputation for caustic wit is at least as great as his fame as a composer), of jeering him when he declared the "book" admirable and at the same time refused to write an opera score for it. Rossini, however, was sincere, and he ended his remarks by saying: "Your drama, I repeat, is excellent. Its only fault is, the interest is too concentrated. We Italians are not accustomed to write scores for pieces where the situations come so close upon each other as to leave no repose to the spectator whose attention, absorbed by the incidents of the piece, has not an instant to give to the music. We require pauses in the action that we may develop our pieces without raising the impatience of the audience. Mons. Scribe gave the "book" to Mons. Auber who wrote his well known opera on it.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 30.—Business engagements prevented me from noticing your admirable MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, last week. They gave a final concert, at the Musical Fund Hall, on the evening of the 28th—with a price reduction to fifty cents, an accommodation which the public nevertheless failed to appreciate, for the saloon presented a meagre array of auditors. I am ashamed to record this, inasmuch as the undoubted merits of this body of musicians had been fully and disinterestedly set before the people, both in the press and in social circles, so that the inference deducible from the sparsity of their audiences, is unmistakably an apathy to classic music and the performance thereof. Well,

let that be as it is;—those who did display taste by their attendance, received a valuable *quid pro quo* for the paltry sum invested. It would be superfluous to pen an analytical critique in these columns, upon the merits of the Quintette Club, whose performances have been so often and so ably been reviewed through the same medium, by yourself. You know them better than we. Here is the programme of last Saturday night's concert.

1. Quintet in A, Op. 108, (Clarinet Principle).Mozart.
Moderato—Larghetto—Minuetto—Finale, Tema con Variazioni.
Mrs. J. H. Long.
2. "Ah mon fils" from the "Prophet".Meyerbeer.
Mrs. J. H. Long.
3. Fantasia for Violoncello "Sonnambula".Kummer.
Wulf Fries.
4. Rec. and Air, "Non fu sogno." "Lombardi"Verdi.
Mrs. Long.
5. Andante vars. from Quartet in A, Op. 18.Beethoven.
6. English Ballad.Glover.
Mrs. Long.
7. Quintet B, Op. 87.Mendelssohn.
Allegro—Allegretto—Adagio—Allegro vivace.

A rare musical feast of a verity; and enjoyed with infinite zest by all present.

The Quintettes were rendered with a unity of action and of feeling such as I have never observed before. It was faultless, and afforded an ample realization of the powers of the mighty intellects by which these splendid compositions were conceived and developed. It is only when such like works are performed by a band of musicians equally perfect with the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, that the hearer finds their beautiful points and fanciful effects properly unfolding themselves in pleasing array, to his edification and delight. These musicians point out niceties of expression, and subtlety of thought, and ingenious mathematico-musical formulas, in the works they illustrate, just as a great painter might initiate an ordinary art-lover into the actual beauties and delicate points of a Raphael *chef d'œuvre*, thus intensifying his delight, and quickening his perceptions for future studies. The soloists of the above programme merit the warmest encomiums; Mr. RYAN for his tasteful performance of the *Clarinet Principle*, is Mozart's Quintet in A. His execution thereof was clean, fluent, and graceful, and displayed a keen appreciation of Mozart's easy, sprightly, and cheerful style. WULF FRIES, too, who offered a *Sonnambula* Fantasia by Kummer, admirably performed by him, came in for a large share of enthusiastic applause, although I must confess that the morceau spoken of, is the most unsatisfactory composition of Kummer's, with which I have ever met. Mrs. J. H. LONG acquitted herself with great credit, and seemed to please generally. I think that she sings with much ease, judgment, correctness of intonation and artistic finish—a trifle too methodical, which implies a lack, passion and warmth, perhaps. It seemed to me as though her spirits were dashed, by a contemplation of the long ribs of unpopulated benches, glistening in the mellow light of the chandeliers. We have all formed a most favorable impression of her, in this latitude. SCHULTZE's violin playing has certainly lost none of the sweetness, purity, and finish, which characterized him years ago, when, as the leader of the old Germania, he was wont to captivate all the hearts of the gentler sex. He is a fit leader to this perfect band of art interpreters. Let us hope that their visit, if not financially productive, may at least have given the sluggishly growing taste for the purest classical models, an impetus in the right direction. Would that they were with us always!

MANRICO.

The operas in New Orleans during the month have been: *Trociatore*, with Gazzaniga, Tamaro and Berthal; *Fille du Regiment*, with Colson; the one-act opera, *Le Maître de Chapelle*; *Lucrezia*; *Favorita*; *Lucia* (with Colson); *L'Etoile du Nord*; *Halevy's Charles the Sixth* (for the benefit of Melchisedec, the baritone); *Rigoletto* (benefit of Mathieu, the tenor); *Huguenots*; *Halevy's Mousquetaires de la Reine*; *Adam's Si j'étais Roi* (with Colson).

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 5, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Opera, *Der Freyschütz*, piano-forte arrangement.

Music in New York.

(EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

SATURDAY, APRIL 28.—It must have been some fifteen years ago that the announcement of the first attempt in this country to bring out Beethoven's Ninth Symphony attracted us to this great Babel of a city. We heard it then in the vast space of Castle Garden, performed by an immense and somewhat heterogeneous orchestra, hastily assembled, and with but slight rehearsal on the part of most of them. The thing was called, if we remember rightly, a Beethoven Festival, and the object was to commence the formation of a fund for the building of a music hall for Philharmonic concerts. That purpose failed, and the performance of the Symphony was crude enough, and most indifferently appreciated by the great mass of the audience. Yet to us, with all the imperfections, the great outlines of the work, its sure and glorious working out of one great thought, developing it to a world-wide significance, all summed up in the one word JOY, considered as the transport of a thoroughly inspired, united brotherhood of all Humanity, stood out so boldly and spoke so eloquently to every inmost hope and inspiration, that it was impossible not to wish to know the Symphony more thoroughly, and to be thankful ever after for whatever opportunity of hearing it and studying it even through the roughest rehearsals and the coarsest performances. Great things are sure to survive all that, if you once seize the key to their meaning; and each imperfect hearing still prepares you for a better. Since that time, we have had creditable interpretation of it, four or five times, with our small orchestra, in Boston. To-day we have had cause to thank our stars that brought us once more, though on business not entirely musical, to New York. It has been a whole day's musical festival. We were just in time for the last morning rehearsal and for the fifth and last evening Concert of the Philharmonic Society, both of which were held in the Academy of Music.

The rehearsal at 11 A. M. was attended by as large an audience as one sees at home in any concert. We proceeded to a quiet corner in an upper circle, whither the sound ascended clearly, and where we had leisure to note the composition of the noble orchestra, arranged upon the stage in rising tiers. Think of the luxury (to Bostonian ears) of listening to a body of sixty-four strings! There were Thomas and Noll and Mollenhauer, and other finished violinists, to the number of sixteen first and sixteen second violins. There was our old friend BERGMANN, (one of the conductors of the Society, and one of the ablest, if not the ablest we have ever known for symphony music), heading the violoncellos. There were eleven double basses, which told right grandly in those almost speaking soliloquies which precede the entrance of the Joy chorus. The reeds were in a row by themselves behind and above the the rest, which served to give them more of that individuality and contrast which they always have in Beethoven's orchestra. And

beautiful the reeds were, especially the bassoons. The horns too were beautiful, especially that of Schmitz, which sang with a promptness, precision and delicacy in those all important passages in the Trio of the Scherzo, and in that cadenza in the Adagio, such as we never heard before. The admirable trumpet, too, of Herr Schreiber should be noticed. High in the rear of all, too, it was pleasant to discover the President of the Society, Mr. TIMM, doing artistic service at the great bass drum; that was the true spirit. At the conductor's desk stood THEODORE EISEFELD. We could not but think of the strange ups and downs of human fortune, when we thought of him but yesterday picked up from the ocean, senseless, life nearly spent, in the wreck of the burning Austria, and to day, on the top wave as it were of glorious excitement, conducting the Joy symphony of Beethoven.

Himmel-hoch jauchzend,
Zum Tode betäubt:

might be said of it, only reversing the order of the lines. — But speaking of the Philharmonic orchestra, is it not worth while to record here their names? We copy from the bill of the concert:

VIOLENS.—G. Bahl, J. G. Belsheim, A. Bernstein, A. Besig, G. F. Bristow, W. Doehler, J. Freising, J. Godone, E. Grill, N. Hagen, C. Hahn, G. Helfenritter, F. Herwig, U. C. Hill, J. Kehl, I. E. Meyer, E. Mollenhauer, J. Mosenthal, J. Noll, H. Otto, C. Pazzaglia, M. J. Pfört, H. Prahl, H. Reyer, G. Schneider, C. Schmidt, M. Schwarz, C. Siedler, T. Thomas, G. Weingarten, J. Windmüller, A. Zeiss.

VIOLAS.—A. Boucher, F. Chevallier, T. Goodwin, G. Haupt, A. Hirschmann, S. Johnson, T. Lotze, G. Matzka, E. Pauli, R. Schullinger, J. Unger, E. Weber.

VIOLONCELLOS.—F. Allner, C. Bergmann, F. Bergner, C. Brannes, T. Groenevelt, F. Harbordt, H. Lühde, W. Rietzel, D. Walker.

DOUBLE BASSES.—W. Blake, C. Bartels, C. Billhardt, C. Heinicke, C. Herzog, C. Jacobi, J. Leis, G. Lo Bianco, C. Preusser, F. Rehder, C. Schutz.

FLUTES.—F. Rietzel, E. Wiese.

PICCOLO.—C. Siedler.

OBOES.—L. Ohlmann, C. Mente.

CLARINETS.—E. Boehm, F. Starck.

BASSOONS.—P. Eltz, F. Hochstein.

TRUMPETS.—C. Rehm, L. Schreiber.

HORNS.—S. Knebel, H. Schmitz, G. Schmitz, G. Trejdl.

TROMBONES.—G. Dagn, J. Lacroix, F. Letsch.

BASS TUBA.—C. Billhardt.

TAMPA.—J. Senda.

TRIANGLE.—Goodwin.

CYMBALS.—

BASS DRUM.—H. C. Timm.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE 15TH SEASON.—H. C. TIMM, President; Theo. Eisefeld, Vice President; L. Spier, Secretary; D. Walker, Treasurer; C. Pazzaglia, Librarian; Wm. Scharf-enberg, Carl Bergmann, J. P. Cooke, Chas. Brannes, Jos. Noll, Geo. F. Bristow.

The rehearsal—great a luxury as it was to us to hear such an orchestra—did not, we must confess, augur the best things for the evening's performance. Parts were happy in the rendering, but other parts were somewhat unclear or dull, and lacking some of those vitalizing and expressive nuances which distinguish a routine from an inspired, imaginative rendering. The vocal solos, sung by Mme. JOHANNSEN, Mme. ZIMMERMANN, Herr STIGELLI, and Herr PHILIP MAYER, worked badly enough together; and the chorus were entirely absent; indeed we understood that at in no one rehearsal had all the elements been brought together.

But in the evening we were, agreeably disappointed. The orchestral movements, for the most part, went finely; especially the Scherzo and the heavenly Adagio, which appeared to take great effect upon the majority of the vast audience. The toying and twining together of the two naive little themes in the Trio, as they

circle about from bassoon and horn, to clarinet, to flute, to oboe, &c., &c., was made delicious in the clear certainty of outline, easy, natural sequence, and warmth of well blended coloring. The sound of such a mass of strings, especially in the middle parts—the weak point of our Boston orchestras,—was very rich and satisfying.

The choral movement, naturally, was less understood and less enjoyed by the many. It would have been so, we suppose, in any case; and the difficulty was of course increased by great imperfections in the performance. The double basses did their part nobly in the sentences of recitative, which summon up one by one and impatiently dismiss the themes of the preceding movements. Herr Meyer gave the introductory vocal recitative (bass) with considerable power and expression; but the other solo voices appeared weary and inadequate for passages which task the fullest powers of the very greatest singers. The choruses were reasonably well sung,—the German Lieder-kranz part quite unexceptionable; but we have had them more effective in Boston, by the larger choir of the Handel and Haydn Society.—Take it all together, however, we have never heard the Choral Symphony to such advantage, and we count it an event in our life to be always thankful for, that were we here to listen to this last performance of that one of all great musical creations to which we always listen with, we may truly say, more emotion than to any other,—no symphony, nor opera, nor oratorio excepted. For is it not the summing up of all Beethoven's symphonies? the fullest and completest utterance of the great word of his life? the glorified expression of the struggle and the triumph, not only of the life of one great soul, but of Humanity itself, of the whole race, in the prophetic unfolding of whose godlike destiny a great soul like Beethoven loses and forgets,—or rather, for the first time finds—itsself?

We must not forget the first part of the Concert, which preceded the Symphony and gave much satisfaction. It opened with a superb rendering of the *Zauberflöte* overture, and consisted for the rest of a few vocal pieces—a wise abstinence before such a Symphony. Herr Meyer sang a Lied by Abt: *Ich denke nur an dich*, with rich baritone voice and good style, accompanied obligato by Herr Schreiber's cornet. The latter was finely played; but we cannot reconcile ourselves to sentimental melodies upon brass instruments. It is against their nature, which is properly heroic, and sounds maudlin. Perhaps the brass band concerts have spoiled our ear for such things. Mme. Johannsen sang a famous aria by Weber, which we have long wished to hear: *Ocean du ungeheuer* ("Ocean, thou mighty monster,") from *Oberon*. The orchestral part was more edifying than the vocal upon this occasion. The singer in certain passages,—the softer ones—often suggests fine singing; but the voice proved unequal to great exertion. The music itself is in the best vein of Weber, wonderfully dramatic and imaginative, and the whole construction of the piece, in its successive movements, is strikingly analogous to the more familiar scena in *Der Freyschütz*. It needs a Jenny Lind to sing it. Stigelli was set down for the tenor air in the "Magic Flute;" *O cara imagine*, but sang instead, and with exquisite expression, a couple of songs by Schubert: *Trockne Blumen* and *Die Post*. The Lieder-kranz (Mr. AGRIEL PAUER,

director), sung a couple of part-songs with very fine ensemble and precision, and were enthusiastically recalled.

The audience was immense, filling the parquet and three circles of the great Academy completely; besides a goodly number of the more earnest symphony-lovers, who sat, for the sake of better sound and quiet, above the noisier crowd of fashion, in the upper gallery of all, or amphitheatre. Thither a good instinct led us also into fortunate companionship. There must have been between twenty-five hundred and three thousand persons present; and we understand that nearly \$1,000 were taken by the sale of extra tickets, over and above the regular subscription, many paying \$1.50 for a ticket. When shall we in Boston have a Philharmonic Society, and one so eagerly supported?

NEW YORK, MAY 1.—Last Tuesday the Chamber Union Concert gave their last Soirée, making it very satisfactory to as large an audience as the tiny hall could hold. The programme presented two novelties—the first of which was the name of a debutante, Miss PAULINE EICHBERG. The young lady, although she has been in the country over a year, appeared in public for the first time on that evening, and it was evidently from this cause that she was rather nervous, and a little inclined to hasten the tempi. Miss Eichberg is a pupil of the Leipzig Conservatoire, very young, and of uncommonly pleasing, lively appearance. She played Mendelssohn's D minor Trio, and the Ballade in A flat of Chopin, and, when encoired, a song without words by Mendelssohn. Her style is characterized by a great deal of vigor and spirit, and an entire absence of effort. She won much applause, and may be sure of being gladly heard again by any one. The other new feature of the programme was a Pianoforte Sonata by Mr. SAAR, played by the composer. It is very rarely that we have occasion to welcome a composition of this kind from a modern composer, and most heartily do we welcome it in this case. It is a proof of more than ordinary aspiration in the young artist, and the manner in which the child of his genius was received here, where such compositions usually fall dead upon a concert audience, must have been very gratifying to Mr. Saar. His sonata is a decidedly original work—yet without being at all farfetched and overstrained. It is somewhat new in construction—the usual repetitions being omitted, and the themes carried on under somewhat different treatment, instead. The first movement, Allegro Agitato, is hardly more than an introduction—a preparation for what follows, but based on very pleasing motifs—the Larghetto is so beautiful as to make one regret its brevity, though the Scherzo soon absorbs one entirely. This movement is perhaps the most original of the four, though the finale evidently contains much matter than cannot be thoroughly appreciated, and judged of at a first hearing. In it the interest, which, through the whole, has been gradually rising, reaches its highest point, and the hearer is quite carried away by the wild intensity of this movement. It is a piece that makes one wish to hear it again and again, feeling that every time of listening will make him discover new merits and new beauties. Of course, as the work of a very young composer, (it was written, I understand, some years ago, while Mr. Saar was studying abroad), it is not faultless; but where the good points are so predominant, it is best to judge leniently of error which a longer experience will avoid.

Chopin's beautiful posthumous rondo was very finely played by Messrs. Mills and Saar, and Mr. Eben performed a flute solo with his accustomed skill. The vocal portion of the entertainment was the least successful; Mr. W. H. COOKE sang a ro-

manza of Verdi's, and a very insignificant ballad of his own, in a manner that left the audience quite cold, in spite of the gentleman's fine tenor voice.

I leave the account of our last Philharmonic Concert, and the first night of Halevy's *La Juive* to your own able pen, which will do them far more justice than I could, besides having the merit of being that of an impartial outsider. With a protest against your printer's making me call Schubert's "Post" a *Poet*, I remain as ever, — t —

NEW YORK, MAY 2, 1860. — Last Monday evening Maretzek produced at the Winter Garden, Halevy's *La Juive*, an opera which has been promised by other managers for years and which was announced at the opening of the Academy of music season by Ullmann and Strakosch. *La Juive* is a grand work, and probably as enjoyable as any opera destitute of melody can be. It is remarkable that a man of real musical ability could write a long five act opera and get so little melody in it, as in *La Juive*. There is scarcely a solitary air that can be carried away in the memory and hummed afterward. The nearest approach to such a strain is the passionate phrase, *Oh, ma fille chérie*, and the succeeding duet in which both Rachel (soprano) and Eleazer (tenor) take part.

The libretto of the opera — written by Scribe — is far superior to the majority of lyric stories. The following is the

ARGUMENT.

Leopold, a prince of the empire, returning from the wars, is violently smitten with the beauty of Rachel, daughter of Lazarus, the Jew. To win her favor he pretends to be an Israelite, and in the guise of a painter makes an easy conquest of the maiden's heart. Occasional exercises of influence, however, in matters where only the high could have successfully interposed their authority, excite the suspicions of Rachel, and she soon discovers that the Samuel (as he calls himself) of her error is none other than Prince Leopold, and the husband of the Princess Eudoxia. Overcome with rage and indignation, she publicly accuses him of his crime, and the offence, punishable with death, is considered so heinous, that the Cardinal pronounces his malediction and excommunication on the culprits. Rachel, Lazarus and Leopold are placed under arrest to await execution. During this brief period, Eudoxia, the right full wife of Leopold, intercedes with Rachel, and by exhibiting how unselfish is her rightful love, induces her Jewish rival to relent in her hatred, and to intercede for the life of Leopold. This she does by pronouncing her former statement a fabrication of mere jealous frenzy, and devoid of truth. The noble prisoner is at once banished, but Rachel is again condemned to death with her father for conspiring against the life of the man whom, by this fiction, she had just saved. Lazarus, whose sturdy faith and hatred of the Christians have supported him throughout, cares nothing for dying, but determines to be revenged on the Cardinal, who not only has pronounced his fate, but is the head of the Church which he hates. In a narrative he relates that the daughter who has just suffered death is not his own, but one by adoption, plucked from the burning ruins of the Cardinal's palace, at Rome, during a catastrophe there, and the Cardinal's own child.

The music is elaborate and scientific, at times rising to real sublimity, but not maintaining its hold on the hearer's attention. There were many expressions of weariness last Monday evening, and a number of persons left without waiting for the fifth act. Some that did not leave fell asleep.

But the opera *La Juive* is one that must be heard several times to be at all appreciated or understood. At first hearing it appears grand but heavy, and it is impossible to give or even gain an idea of the merits of the work from one hearing.

La Juive was admirably sung, especially by FABBRI and STIGELLI, and put on the stage with great care. On its success Maretzek stakes the prospects of his season.

At the Academy of Music Rossini's *Mose in Egitto* is announced as the next novelty, and it will be produced next Monday evening, with Patti, Brignoli, Ferri, and Susini in the principal parts.

TROVATORE.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have returned home after their Southern tour which has been to them a pleasant one and has added not a little to their fame as artists. We take pleasure in copying some notices of their concerts. We cannot agree with the criticism of Mrs. LONG, by the way, and should like to see the hall in Philadelphia too large for her to sing in.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave their last concert on Saturday evening, at the Musical Fund Hall. The attendance was better than that of the previous concerts, but still not at all what it should have been. The instrumental performance was transcendently good, and the audience were thoroughly delighted. Mrs. Long's selections were unsuited to her, and her singing does not sound to the same advantage in a large hall as it did in Chickering's Saloon. The Quintette Club return now to Boston. Although their concerts have not been crowded, they have made many friends here, and we think that we can promise them greater success if they should be induced to visit Philadelphia again. — *Phil. Eve. Bull.*, April 30.

The concert given recently by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston, on their way to Southern cities, has been pronounced by many of our citizens of acknowledged taste, "the best ever given in this city by any artists." In accordance with the general desire of those who heard them, they announce, on their return home, another concert, when they will again have the assistance of Mrs. Long. The opportunity to hear the best music, rendered by performers of the highest standing, does not often occur out of the larger cities, and we doubt if Brinley Hall will be found large enough to hold those of our citizens who would enjoy the performances of the Club, and testify to their appreciation of real excellence. — *Worcester Pall.*, May 2.

INSANITY OF M. JULLIEN. — The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* relates the following sad anecdote of Jullien's insanity: "One day he entered his house armed with a large knife. 'Come here,' said he to his adopted child, a girl about eighteen years old, 'I am going to let you hear the angels sing.' He was going to cut her throat. She had presence of mind enough to reply: 'Willingly; but, before I go, let me hear you play on the flageolet, that I may compare your music with theirs.' Jullien thought the idea excellent, and went to get his flageolet, — while he was gone the child called the servants, the unhappy madman was secured and carried to a private mad-house, where he died a few days afterwards."

TRINITY CHURCH CHOIR, NEWPORT. — A Newport correspondent of the (New York) *Churchman*, pays a fine and well merited compliment to this choir, which we copy below with pleasure:

At Trinity the music was very fine and appropriate for the occasion. The boys sang finely and very spirited, and one great feature in the music was, that the time was precise; the solos were finely rendered by Masters Dunmore and Vernon, whose voices are exceedingly well calculated for that part of the Service. This young choir has improved greatly since last summer. No pains have been spared on the part of the organist, to make the choir compare favorably with the choirs of larger cities. The musical portion of the Services for Easter consisted of extracts from the celebrated masters of church music, Bridgewater, Chappell, and Tallis, a chorus by Haydn, and a carol of Mozart. The responses were sung with great precision, and the Gregorian tones effectively rendered. This choir has had but nine months' practice, and their proficiency in Church music is truly surprising. The boys are very anxious to hear the choirs of Trinity, the Madison Street Mission Chapel, Trinity Chapel, and the Holy Communion, as they have heard so much spoken of them, and it is quite possible that they may visit the great metropolis this Spring or next Fall, if suitable arrangements can be made to that effect; and I have no doubt that the benefit would be great for all of them, especially if the choirs of the city could meet at Trinity Church for full Choral Service.

A remark which has been made of our Italian operas here, — namely that most of the singers are not Italians — seems to hold good this season of the opera in London. The *Musical World* says:

One important consideration arising from an examination of the programmes of both operas, is the decline of the vocal art in Italy. How else account for the fact that in both houses the chief parts are filled by foreign singers. At Her Majesty's Theatre, the *prima donna assoluta*, Mlle. Tiens, is a German; while two others — Madame Marie Cabel and Mlle. Brunetti (Brunet) — are French. At the Royal Italian Opera, Mlle. Csillag is a German, while Mesdames Miolan-Carvalho and Nantier-Didiée are French. At Her Majesty's Theatre, Signor Everardi (M. Everard), Signor Violetti (M. Violetti) and M. Gassier, are French. At the Royal Italian Opera, M. Faure and Signor Tagliacico are French, while M. Zelger is a Belgian. Furthermore, one theatre opens with a Russian, and the other with a French opera.

NEW ORLEANS. — Parodi as *Norma*, at the Amphitheatre, brought back to us the recollections of this superb artiste, on her first appearance in this country, nine years ago, when she so successfully and triumphantly divided the favor of the American musical public, as she had previously that of London, with Jenny Lind. The favorite pupil and adopted daughter of the great Pasta, who found in her own "voice and dramatic spirit renewed," there is no one on the Italian operatic stage, not even Grisi, who can be considered as a truthful interpreter of that large and grandly dramatic school of singing, of which tradition has handed down Pasta as the founder. The last performance of the rôle of *Norma*, in Italian, we had heard prior to Parodi's, Wednesday night, was that of Grisi; and we have no hesitation whatever, in saying that Parodi's far excelled it. It is related that when, at the close of a twelve month's residence with Pasta, at Como, Parodi was about to enter upon her career, her great teacher embraced her and addressed her in these words: "My child, God has endowed you with a noble voice! I have done for you all that I can do, or that you now need. You are ready to appear before the world. My blessing go with you! I shall live to behold you the first singer of Europe!" And so she did.

We do not find any great deterioration of voice in Parodi, comparing her with our first recollections of her. Perhaps there are not so much fullness and force in the middle notes of her register, but the fine pure upper notes, and those, so marvelously deep and sonorous, in the lower part of the scale, are still in all their pristine vigor. — *N. O. Picayune*, April 27.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. — The theatre re-opened on Tuesday evening, with a very different aspect from that which it presented during the temporary reign of English Opera. Indeed, two theatres could hardly offer more distinct appearances than Covent Garden under Mr. Gye, and Covent Garden under Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

The opera was Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, to use the English title; *Le Pardon de Plœrmel*, the French; or, *Il Pellegrinaggio*, the Italian. Last year, *Dinorah* brought the season to a triumphant conclusion, and having been given six times only was no doubt looked for by the subscribers and the public, more especially as Madame Miolan-Carvalho was again to be the heroine. The cast differed from that of last year in two important instances — M. Faure filling the part of Hoel (vice Signor Graziani), and Mlle. Giudita Sylvia that of the male Goatherd (vice Madame Nantier-Didiée). M. Faure was an improvement; not so, Mlle. Sylvia.

M. Faure, who succeeded M. Battaille at the Opéra-Comique in Paris, as Peter in Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, speedily won the favor of the public. So satisfied was Meyerbeer, that he wrote the part of Hoel expressly for M. Faure, who more than confirmed the impression made by his previous impersonation. Italian baritones being scarce, the director of the Royal Italian Opera was naturally anxious to secure the services of so admirable an actor and singer, to strengthen the cast of a work which was so eminently successful last season. Mr. Gye engaged M. Faure not merely for Hoel, but to undertake the repertory never officially represented since Tamburini abandoned the stage. That the French baritone is an accomplished artist there is no question. His voice, powerful and of unusual compass, is equally telling throughout its register. His expression is intense and varied, and his method undeniably good. He is, indeed, a greater master of his resources than most singers of his class; his shake is admirable, and his facility equal to all demands. If M. Faure's voice has not the sympathetic quality of Signor Graziani's, it is more than counterbalanced by superior acquisitions as a singer and actor. A more striking performance than that of M. Faure, in Hoel, we have not witnessed a long time on the operatic stage. If we desired to be hypercritical, we might adduce an occasional tendency to exaggeration — as in the romance, "Sei vendicata assai!" — which, after all, belongs to the school rather than to the singer individually.

Mad. Miolan-Carvalho is more admirable than ever in *Dinorah*; more vocally finished — the result of having made herself mistress of the acoustic properties of the house, and adapting her voice to its requirements, and as histrionically perfect — (she could not be more perfect). There is no need to describe Mad. Carvalho's performance in detail. Enough that all the old points were given with the same facility and the waltz movement of the "Shadow Song" (magnificently executed) was encoored with acclamations.

The new contralto, Mlle. Giudita Sylvia, was evidently too nervous to do herself justice. That she possesses a good voice, we believe; but beyond this we can say nothing. Her appearance is decidedly prepossessing.

Another new singer, Mlle. Ruppazini, who has announced for the female Goats-herd—Mlle. Marai's part last season—not having put in an appearance, the duct, "Sui prati tutt' in fiori," in the last act, was omitted, by no means an improvement; while the "Pater noster" was utterly ruined by the inefficiency of two chorus singers, to whom were allotted the parts sustained last season by Mlle. Marai and Madame Nantier-Didié. Signor Tagliafico was never at his ease in the hunter's song, while Signor Neri-Baraldi was less successful than formerly in that of the Mower. But these and worse drawbacks would have been more than atoned for by the excellence of the rest, not forgetting the absolute perfection of the orchestra, under Mr. Costa's direction.

Dinorah was repeated on Thursday, and will be given for the third time to-night; and on Thursday next Mlle. Rosa Czillag makes her first appearance as Leonora in *Fidelio*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The season was inaugurated with *Marta and Fleur des Champs*. The cast of the opera, with one exception (Madame Lemaire for Madame Borchardt), was the same as last year at Drury Lane—Mlle. Titiens being Lady Henrietta; Signor Giuglini, Lionel; Signor Violetti, Plunket; and Signor Castelli, Lord Tristan. The performance was greatly superior to that of last year, owing entirely to the improved quality of band and chorus, with Herr Molique and Mr. Blagrove heading the violins. Mlle. Titiens sang magnificently, but Signor Giuglini was afflicted with sore throat and could with difficulty finish the part. Madame Lemaire gave the music of Nancy most carefully. The audience, somewhat frigid at the commencement, warmed towards the end, and when the curtain descended the singers were summoned, and a call was raised for Mr. Smith, who, however, did not obey the summons.

La Favorita was given, with Madame Borghi-Mamo as Leonora, and Signor Everardi as Alfonso—the first appearance of both in England—Signor Mongini being Fernando (vice Signor Giuglini, indisposed), and Signor Violetti, Baldassare. At present it will be sufficient to state that the new comers were eminently successful, the lady worthily supporting the high reputation she enjoys abroad, and the gentleman proving himself one of the most accomplished baritone basses who had been heard for years in this country. Signor Everardi's voice is of fine quality (pure Italian quality, be it understood, although he is, properly speaking, a Belgian), powerful and flexible—one of those *Rossinian* voices, in short, so rare of late. His style and method are in the best school, his taste and expression undeniable. Add to the foregoing a good stage face and figure, and it cannot be denied that Signor Everardi is likely to prove a valuable acquisition. Madame Borghi-Mamo's voice is a *mezzo-soprano*, of great compass, fine clear tone, and flexibility only surpassed by Madame Alboni. A thorough artist, and a genuine Italian singer, Madame Borghi-Mamo knows how to make the best of her means, exceptional as in many respects they are. Signor Mongini surprised every one in Fernando, a part which many anticipated would not suit his vigorous style. He sang finely throughout and with exceeding judgment, never once indulging in those vociferous outbursts hitherto the bane of his performances, and which have often neutralized the effect so splendid a voice must otherwise inevitably produce. His most striking display on Thursday night was the romance, "Spinto gentil," which was encored with enthusiasm. Signor Violetti gave the music of Balthazar with power and judgment. The chorus was excellent, and the band, under the able direction of Mr. Benedict, thoroughly efficient, although some addition to the strength of the violins and other stringed instruments, to make head against the overwhelming power of the brass, was generally pronounced advisable.

Paris.

April 4th.—Last week the Italian opera gave us a "revival," in the shape of Meyerbeer's opera, *Il Crociato in Egitto*. It is now thirty-seven years since it has been played here, and it is said that it is against Meyerbeer's advice that it is revived now. It was brought out when Rossini was manager of the Opera here, and Meyerbeer, who was then unknown, and of course nervous and doubtful, as to his success with the Parisian world, told Rossini it would be a failure. Rossini replied it would be a success, and bet him five hundred francs about it. Meyerbeer accepted

the bet; and, as the piece proved successful, was no doubt only too happy to pay. This work, belonging quite to the youth of Meyerbeer, and framed almost mechanically on the Italian model, with pieces composed invariably of an *adagio*, then an *allegro*, *cavatina* and airs *d'obbligato*, and *rondos*, with all the usual concomitants of *fiorituras* and *cabalettas*, so different to his present style, still gives a slight foretaste of the genius that was one day to give us the *Huguenots*; and there are also some very striking airs; the song of the "Crociato" is one, and the well-known trio for female voices, and in which the principal *motif non fidati o giorin cor* recalls the music of Bellini, are among the rest. The finale of the first act is very fine, and in the last the death-song, sang by Merly and the chorus, are also remarkable. Mad. Borghi-Mamo performed the part of the Crociato, and Mad. Penco, Alboni, Signors Merly and Angelini filled the remaining principal parts; but, notwithstanding the excellence of the performance, the revival has not been met with any monstrous enthusiasm. At the Grand-Opéra, *Pierre de Medicis* has been alternated with a performance of the *Huguenots*, Mad. C. Bartot filling the part of Valentine, Gueymard and Obin Raoul and Marcel. The Opéra-Comique, finding that old pieces answer so well, contentedly keeps to them. The Théâtre-Lyrique, however, has brought out a comic opera in five acts, a thing almost unheard of, Mozart being nearly the only one who had ever brought out one so long. The libretto is by MM. Jules Barbier and Michael Carré, the music by M. Theodore Semet, and the subject is taken from some of the numerous adventures of Gil Blas. Mad. Ugalde fills the part of the hero to the great delight of the public, for whatever charm may now and then be found wanting in her voice she supplies by her animated acting, and carries the piece through triumphantly. The music is gay, sparkling and original. The least successful parts are the choruses. The best airs in the opera, are, Gil Blas' drinking song, "Beechus est le vrai medecin," the grand duo buffo of the second act, the marriage chorus, "rondo pastoral," the finale of the fourth act; but nothing is equal to the song he sings before the door of the inn where the villagers are feasting, accompanying himself with a mandoline. He is expressing the hunger he feels, and when they will not listen to him he changes his tone to diabolical menaces. The air was rapturously encored. Mesdames Faure, Moreau, Vade, MM. Wartel, Lesage, Le-grand, Votel, Serene, Leroy, Gabriel, Giradot, fill the other parts. There has been some talk for the last few days of a probable change in the management of the Théâtre-Lyrique; M. Carvalho retiring, and M. C. Retz, who has been, up to the present moment, Secretary-General of the Theatre, filling his place. However, nothing is decided yet. The Bouffes-Parisiens, though like the little frog in the fable, it tries occasionally to approach the dimensions of the ox, has yet good sense enough to know at what point to stop. Its last production is a sort of field-flower, in the shape of a patois-pastoral, entitled *Daphnis and Chloé*. A pretty little actress, Mlle. Juliette Beau, debuted in it. The music is by the indefatigable M. Offenbach. In Paris some novelty must always be going on; people cannot rest on their oars here, and even now, before *Fidelio* is brought out at the theatre, they talk of an opera with much scenery by M. Charles Gounod, entitled *La Reine Balkir*. M. Gott, also—of the Théâtre-Français—has written an opera in four acts, the music by M. Memrie, under the title of *Le Moine Rouge*, though whether it is to be played or not I have not heard.

There is little new this week at the theatres. The concerts continue with unabated ardor, of which the best, the eighth and last concert of *Jeunes Artistes*, took place on the 1st. Fragments of Meyerbeer's *Struensee* were given. "La revolte des gardes," a polonaise, "La Bal," was very good, and the bacchanal chorus from *Philonon et Baucis* was encored. And thus with all these entertainments Lent is passing—indeed has almost passed away. It certainly this year has not been a season of fasting and mortification, and the ladies of the great world have rushed with equal ardor to their church in the morning and dressed in "gorgeous array" for their ball in the evening, thinking one neutralized the other, and thus reconciling the claims of religion and of the world to their consciences in that comfortable manner only French people can. Talking of the crowding of churches, there is one thing very necessary, and that is—more church-room for the people. There is not enough for the population of Paris, and the scenes, the pushing, the rudeness and quarrelling, that take place in a crowded church here, is more fit for the crush-room of a theatre than a spot dedicated to divine worship.—*Corr. London Musical World.*

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